

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.

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"I DO NOT KNOW WHETHER I AM IN ORDER, MR. SPEAKER, IN SHOWING THIS ARTICLE": MR. LLOYD GEORGE, THE MINISTER OF MUNITIONS, EXHIBITS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS A HIGH-EXPLOSIVE FUSE.

There was a dramatic moment during Mr. Lloyd George's speech in Parliament introducing the Munitions Bill. He was explaining the difficulties of suddenly and enormously increasing the output of complicated mechanism. To point his words he held up an object. "I do not know whether I am in order, Mr. Speaker," he said, "in showing this article. It is the fuse of the high-explosive, and is one of

the greatest difficulties of all in the turning out of shells. This fuse is not nearly so complicated as the fuse of the shrapnel—which is one of the most intricate and beautiful pieces of machinery—before it explodes. (Laughter.) This, indeed, is supposed to be simple. Yet it takes a hundred different gauges to turn it out." Mr. Lloyd George mentioned that in France much delicate fuse-making is done by women.

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## THE GREAT WAR.

By CHARLES LOWE.

DURING the week ending the leafy month of June the eastern and western fronts of war presented a striking contrast—the former, in Galicia and Poland, offering us some frightful war-welterings for the possession of Lemberg and the line of the Dniester such as those which caused Carlyle to compare the “rugging and riving” between the Prussians and the Russians at Zorndorf, in the Seven Years’ War, to the encounter between Theseus and the Minotaur. But of that more anon.

On the western front, on the other hand, but more especially in Flanders, events have been moving so quietly as to give “Eye-Witness,” writing on the Prince of Wales’s twenty-first birthday—and certainly no heir to our throne ever came of age in the midst of such tremendous and world-convulsing forces around him—to give “Eye-Witness,” I say, little to record except some aerial encounters which once more proved that, *vis-à-vis* of the Germans, we have not only achieved the dominion of the sea, but also acquired supremacy over them in the air.

Meanwhile, in the field the nickel bullets of our invincible men have been less in evidence than the silver bullets of their stay-at-home fathers and brothers, which have been showering into the Exchequer in immense numbers responsive to Mr. McKenna’s appeal for more and ever more of the sinews of war. As to the unlimited Loan asked for, it has been well said that its terms are so favourable as an investment that patriotism and pocket have never been more completely in accord.

So far, this appeal for money, addressed to rich and poor alike, promises to be as successful as Lord Kitchener’s appeal for men; while our war prospects have been rendered still more hopeful—not to say roscate—by the Munitions Bill of Mr. Lloyd George, the National Register Bill of Mr. Walter Long, and Mr. Balfour’s vote for the addition of another 50,000 men to the personnel of the Navy, making 300,000 in all, or more than the Continental equivalent of seven army corps.

These were home-happenings which, in their cumulative and prospective result, quite threw into the shade the doings of our gallant soldiers in Flanders, including heroic charges by the Canadians, the “Liverpool Scottish,” and others equally brave. Those happenings had this further result that they proved the British people to be more than ever united in their determination to achieve the objects for which they went to war; while, on the other hand, there were signs that the spirit of popular discontent and faction had begun to ferment in Germany, as evidenced by the suppression or suspension of too outspoken journals, and by something like serious disagreement between the Imperial Chancellor and the High Admiral of the German Fleet, which, while boasting that it has at last broken Britain’s overmastering sea-power, continues to court the safe seclusion of Wilhelmshaven and the Kiel Canal, only sending out a submarine now and then, such as the one which vainly tried to sink our cruiser *Rexburg* in the North Sea, off the Forth; or the other which, soon after leaving Emden on a similar mission, blew up of its own accord off Borkum—thus adding another element of interest to the shoaly seas which form the scene of Mr. Erskine Childers’ “Riddle of the Sands.”

It is a further sign of the uneasiness which is gradually seizing hold of the German soul that, on the anniversary of the crime of Serajevo—which Germany was to profit by in order to precipitate the war she had been meditating and preparing for so long—Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg and his subordinate at the Foreign Office, Herr von Jago, should have been found “colloquing” with the corresponding personages at Vienna, and even with Francis Joseph himself, and trying to pluck comfort from the counsels of despair which must now be prevailing at the Hofburg—in spite of the Russian withdrawal from Lemberg and the Dniester.

For it stands to reason that the checks and reverses of Russia must mean disappointment to Roumania as perceiving that, if her chestnuts are to be pulled out of the fire at all, she must help in doing so herself; while, apart from the chipping-in of the Balkan States—which is now likelier than ever—the Italian part of the problem has now to be reckoned with by the Germanic Allies, and the continued success of Victor Emmanuel’s brave armies cannot but have the effect of diverting masses of the Austrians from the line of the Carpathians to the line of the Julian and the Carnic Alps.

On the other hand, it is clear that this deflection of Austrian troops from the line of the Dniester to that of the Isonzo can, for the present at least, be attended with all the less risk seeing that the military affairs of the Russians are not quite in a good way. Their retirement from the line of the Dniester is doubtless in the nature of a strategical defeat—which carries not with it the disastrous consequences of a tactical *débâcle*. Nevertheless, they are going back towards their own frontier; and the shuffling of their military cards, their change of War Minister—comparable to the supersession of Count Moltke by General Falkenhayn on the German side—combined with the Tsar’s war-council in a spacious headquarters tent at the front, all seems to show that something has really gone “agley” with their military plans, as was also the case with the “best-laid schemes” of Burns’s “mice and men.” *Tout peut se rétablir*. Compelled for purely strategical reasons to withdraw from the line of the Dniester, the Russians, *per contra*, have been more than holding their own on the Vistula in South Poland, with the result that their whole line will have to be rectified. For one thing, they have space on their side, as the Boers had in South Africa, and that is an immense advantage.

Our own gallant troops in East Africa know by this time what space means as a factor in war, yet they may be said to have overcome this element by their successful attack on a strongly fortified German position on the western shore of the Victoria Nyanza—an expedition, ably planned and cleverly executed, which would have been dear to the heart of Lord Wolseley—the organiser and winner of so many of our “little wars.” It is only a pity that public appreciation of such minor, yet most meritorious, feats of arms should be affected by the perspective of extreme distance.

LONDON: JUNE 20, 1915.

## THE NEW RUSSIA.

VERY naturally, the titanic struggle in the east of Europe between the giant Slav nation and the protagonists of “Kultur,” between the Russian and the Teuton, has re-awakened the perennial interest in the fascinating empire which stretches across half of Europe and nearly the whole of Northern Asia. Mr. Allan Lethbridge, in “The New Russia, from the White Sea to the Siberian Steppe” (Mills and Boon), has contributed to the growing literature regarding this country which has been consequently called into being, a book at once entertaining, informing, and novel. He has visited parts of Russia far from the beaten track, and the things he has seen have filled his mind with prophetic visions of future prosperity. Whether Archangel is likely to retain permanently the importance which the present war has bestowed upon it is, perhaps, an open question, but that its future will entirely depend upon Russia’s railway policy is so obvious as to be beyond dispute. Mr. Lethbridge, who knows his Canada, is struck by the resemblance of the vast regions of virtually virgin soil which northern and north-eastern Russia represents to the great Dominion. Here are forests waiting to be cleared; here are as yet undeveloped granaries of the world. The mineral resources of the region make his mouth water; and no doubt he is correct in believing that the hour must soon strike when all this latent wealth will become accessible and actual. In all he says concerning the amiability of the Russian character, we most heartily agree; but when he accuses the English of supineness, and holds up the enterprise and assiduity of the Germans as an example to be followed, we venture to differ. The Germans certainly made themselves all-powerful in Russia, but they had exceptional facilities. A large part of the population—that of the Baltic provinces—was already German-speaking; Germany was Russia’s nearest neighbour; and, in order to secure commercial supremacy, the Germans did not mind what money they lost, what bad debts they made. Germany used her business opportunities in Russia, as everywhere else, for political far more than for economic purposes, and in doing so she incidentally lost prestige as well as money. England has virtually no regrets; her relations with Russia have been sound; and, moreover, our name and credit stand high—we are not only respected, but liked. What we need is a better knowledge of the people and the country, and this the study of such books as Mr. Lethbridge’s admirably and profusely illustrated and vividly descriptive work will help to supply.

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## SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR.

THE work of the war-correspondent would seem in some cases to be handicapped in the present colossal war by many difficulties not merely unknown to, but positively inconceivable with regard to earlier campaigns. A few skilled, devoted artists, like Frederic Villiers and Seppings Wright, have given us pictures from the fighting-line, but to describe to-day the vast operations in detail with fidelity, and absolutely within the strict limits of discretion, presents problems hitherto undreamt of. This was inevitable: battles are not fought for the edification of the reading public. At the same time the newspapers must be served to the best of man’s ability, and since August some of them have sent to France and Flanders skilled writers with or without war experience. These have given us pictures in which the temperament of the writer has been largely responsible for the colouring; and some students of war and affairs whose experience of the actualities of conflict has been limited to brief visits to Headquarters, have added their quota to the war library. The net result is full of interest, but does not always carry conviction.

A brilliant young writer, Philip Gibbs, of the *Daily Chronicle*, has written one of the most readable books yet published. It is called “The Soul of the War” (Methuen), but scarcely justifies the title. It is essentially the work of a sensitive man who cannot see the wood for the trees. The tragedy of conflict obscures his judgment; he feels what the half-trained soldier may be expected to feel, and has not realised the significance of the higher strategy that finds in all developments, successful and disastrous alike, no more than a movement in the most terrible game that humanity plays. Yet “The Soul of the War” will hold many readers more closely than books that are riper in judgment, for it is filled with love and pity, and is written with the natural and unforced sense of style that can never fail to appeal. Some of the pen-pictures are perfect of their kind; but the vision is limited, and the sense of the stern beauty of an appalling struggle has been affected in the sight of blood and wounds.

Another book by one of the *Daily Chronicle* staff, a man who has devoted years of labour to the service of peace, is “The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium,” by G. H. Perris (Hodder and Stoughton). Mr. Perris has trained himself to the new work; he has accepted facts as they are, and tried with some success to see and to estimate the forces at strife. Of the two men he has the wider outlook, and he does more justice to French strategy and tactics than his colleague has done. The story he sets out is straightforward and readable, and gathers much interest from the personal observation and critical insight that went to the making. He has not mastered the position as it presented itself to General Joffre and Field-Marshal French, but he has not allowed his emotions a loose rein, and has sought to find the soul of goodness, or at least of worth, in an evil thing. A few small maps and plans are introduced, but only where they are needed, and some photographs of moderate interest are placed just where they should be—at the end of the book. Mr. Perris has endeavoured to maintain his judgment, and to be fair to friend and foe alike, and it is possible to gather from his pages a plain tale of the events in the West from the beginning of August, when the Germans started to carry all before them, down to the end of December, when from end to end of the far-flung battle-line the armies held each other, and advance on either side was possible only at terrible cost. If the author resumes his work in the Western area, and writes another volume in due course, it is safe to find a ready market: few men without military training or previous knowledge of war could have done so well.

Sir Gilbert Parker’s contribution to the literature of the crisis is called “The World in the Crucible” (Murray), and is a clever statement of the case for the Allies. It is hardly judicial; there is a strong flavour of special pleading; but the book is valuable, because it covers nearly the whole ground of dispute, and probes deeply into those larger depths of ambition and unscrupulousness that led the German military party to drench the world with blood. It might have been possible to frame as grave an indictment with less passion, but the outburst of indignation that would seem to have prompted the writing of the book is unmistakably from the heart, and is natural enough in all conscience. Sir Gilbert has felt very deeply the crime that has been committed against civilisation, and has summed up the case against the criminals with undeniable force and eloquence. The chapter on “Frightfulness” contains facts that will damn the German military authorities until the last of those living to-day is numbered with the dead.

In striking contrast with the three books mentioned above is Mr. Hilaire Belloc’s “General Sketch of the European War: The First Phase” (Nelson). Nothing less passionate or more elaborately explanatory has been penned since war began. Mr. Belloc writes on the assumption that his readers are as simple as Mr. Dick and as inquisitive as Miss Rosa Dartle. In this he is probably right; we know less about war than we think we have learned in the past eleven months, and official intelligence is everything but intelligible. The first phase, as Mr. Belloc sees it, ended when the German advance on Paris was definitely checked early in September, so that the ground covered by the book is comparatively small, but an intelligent schoolboy could understand everything that took place in the broad outline presented. It may be objected that the story does not make quite clear enough the primary cause of the retreat of General Lanrezac and the British line in the third week of August, a retreat following the French defeat in Belgian Luxembourg. Apart from this blemish the narrative is as clear as crystal; and even those diagrams that are to Mr. Belloc as King Charles’s head was to Mr. Dick are helpful rather than irritating. Mr. Belloc’s grasp of essentials is very sure; and he devotes a reasonable space to explaining in almost elementary terms the German outlook upon the world they desire to take captive. The Russian advance into East Prussia and prompt disaster at Tannenberg was so closely associated with the western campaign that its inclusion is very helpful.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

DR. ETHEL SMYTH, the distinguished musician, has written a very excellent letter to the *Morning Post* upon the palliation of treason. She, like Miss Christabel Pankhurst, was one of those fiery Suffragettes who have found in this war a much more wholesome vent for their zeal than could be found in the sterile idolatry of the Vote. They are very right. What was really wrong with the sexes in the long plutocratic peace was not that women were not men: it was that men were not men. But this healthier enthusiasm is, naturally, more persuasive in an artist and a woman of genius than in so very political a politician as Miss Pankhurst. In one point, indeed, I think that Miss Smyth's artistic temperament leads her to overrate her enemies; that is, the enemies within our gates. She says that they may be idealists; adding that Brutus was an idealist, but this did not prevent Dante damning him for a traitor. Some one or two very hoary Pacifists are idealists in this impossible sense: though even they (while worthy of all respect) are clinging pathetically to a word rather than to an ideal. But the principal Pacifists or Semi-Pacifists in our politics to-day are about as idealistic as a dishonest army contractor. One or two middle-class men on the make, very imperfectly disguised as Labour Leaders; the clerks of some ordinary foreign financier; and here and there a prosperous but secretive person who looks uncommonly like an ordinary foreign spy—these seem to me to exhaust the list of those who want peace, save in the sense in which we all want it. Even the best of them are not misled by ideals, but by a mutton-headed materialism which cannot conceive that a poor man can be patriotic. They cannot grasp the subtle truth that a man born in Hoxton is also born in England. It needs no frantic spirit of martyrdom to be in a small minority which mostly consists of millionaires; and in a few such patches of preposterous wealth (and certainly not among the poor) is to be found the real poison of anti-patriotism. All the ideals that really were ideals, Socialism, Syndicalism, and last but not least in this case, Suffragism, have been swept along by the overwhelming ideal of a death for justice. All the idols that were of real gold have been melted in this furnace. But the gods of the heathen are stone and brass.

It should be strictly seized, for it is enormously important, that in this great trial those who have been really loyal are those who have been really revolutionary. It is the moderate Socialists who are Pacifists; the fighting Socialists are patriots. Mr. Ben Tillett would have been regarded by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as a mere firebrand; but it is precisely because Mr. Tillett was ready to go on fighting Capitalism that he is ready to go on fighting Krupp. It is precisely because Mr. MacDonald was weak in his opposition to domestic tyrants, that he is weak in his opposition to foreign ones. The wobblers who wanted a one-sided arbitration to end the strike, would to-day accept a one-sided arbitration to end the battles. But the men who wanted strikes want nothing but shells. That great artist, Mr. Will Dyson, laid aside the lethal pencil with which he had caricatured the sweaters and the middlemen, and sharpened a yet deadlier one to draw all the devils in Prussia. The

consistent Collectivists, such as Mr. Blatchford or Mr. Hyndman, who were jeered at as "agitators" can now be jeered at as Jingoes. It is the snobs, the Socialists of the Servile State, the men of intrigue and not of indignation, who are traitors to their country as they were traitors to their class. It is they who plead for the Prussian. It is they who tell us to forget and forgive; that is, to forgive the kidnapper and forget the captive.

The fruit of this fighting spirit and training can certainly be claimed by Miss Smyth and Miss Pankhurst. I never blamed them for fighting, but for having nothing worth fighting for. Dr. Smyth is concerned with a communication sent to her about some of the proceedings of the Pacifists who went to the Hague. Why they went there, what they did there, or what any of them imagined they could do there, I know no more than the dead. I heard somewhere

decent death would be good enough for a traitor. Whatever these things mean, they mean something serious; such things are done either by an atrocious carelessness or a much more atrocious care. What we have to realise is how very close to our politics is a kind of commerce disloyal to every law that makes a sovereign State. It is serious that men in such a position should commit such a crime; but it is more serious that men who can commit such a crime can get so easily into such a position. It is like finding rats in one's bed. It means that the gutters and the sewers are besieging the house itself: it means not only that the rat is in the wrong place, but that the cat is not in the right one.

The Prussians, I believe, have a hobby of collecting the crimes of this country, many of them of the same historicity as the terrible Mr. Packlemerton of Jarley's Wax-Works. But if we are wise we shall not

deny that there are things in our history of which it is impossible to be proud. Thus, we shall concede to the Germans that we were thoroughly disgraced by the friendship and alliance of Frederick the Great, by whose escape from just punishment Europe has ever since been left at the mercy of the thieves of Pomerania and Brandenburg. We shall frankly admit that we are ashamed of the German troops who did our dirty work in Ireland and America. We shall no longer conceal from the inquiring Teuton what we know touching those soldiers of Blücher who at Waterloo and after brought us almost as much infamy as assistance. In truth and sorrow and humility, we confess to the Germans that we have done many German things. We admit our past weaknesses in negative as in positive matters. We ask their pardon for having neglected their education. It repenteth us that we did not teach them better manners when they picked Denmark's pocket and kicked France when she was down. But of all the sins we have to confess in the face of our enemies the worst lay in imitating something of their spiritual pride, in failing in self-criticism, and abounding

in self-praise. And this fault will yet bring punishment of a prostrating kind, if we show it by refusing to probe these ugly problems of our recent finance and to face the probable perils of our commercial position. The patch of evil is very small, but very sensitive. The element of treason will save itself if it can. If it is saved we are lost.

We must get rid after this war of that hotch-potch of charity and cheap cynicism which softened any lapse of the luxurious orders, and was ready to treat treason as a sort of eccentric theory. It is the only danger there is for us; and therefore, of course, it is the only danger that our Panic Press does not mention. The danger is in a certain heavy English habit of associating riches with respectability, and refusing to believe in conspiracy when it is associated with comfort. When the time comes for a treaty and a peace there will be considerable wealth and influence to the hand of those who have never heartily shared the anger which is the hope of the world. Among these there will be some whose spirit is worse than alien; and these will say they are being generous to Germany, when they are only being mean to England.

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IN UNUSUAL DRESS MADE NECESSARY BY THEIR WORK: NURSES OF LADY PAGET'S TYPHUS HOSPITAL AT USKUB.

The courage and selflessness of women are being rigidly and successfully tested in the war, notably in their devotion to hospital work of the most difficult and dangerous kind. Our photograph, taken at Lady Paget's Typhus Hospital at Uskub, shows the English nurses in an unusual uniform of white blouse, trousers, sandals, and head-dress, rendered necessary by the conditions under which they have to work.—[Photograph by Topical.]

that some Pacifist was to drag herself round to all the Courts of Europe and tell the Kings that war is an unpleasant business: a fact of which no one could be more vividly aware than they are. I should not like to be the person who intruded even upon poor old William with so fresh a fragment of information. But even the fact that the thing was intellectually idiotic does not alter the fact that it was morally indefensible, and Miss Smyth is quite justified in insisting on the point. But every day is revealing such weak spots, especially in the wealthier circles: and some of them are considerably more menacing than the poor prigs who went toddling to the Hague. Some may understand why the two great Glasgow merchants (who earned solid gold out of solid iron for the killing of Scotch and English soldiers) should have been recommended to leniency by a jury, but I confess I cannot understand it in any way. Either there must have been good things in their favour which did not come out in the printed reports, or there must have been very bad things in their favour which cannot come out at all. If the jurymen imagined that the Judge was going to condemn these two mercantile gentlemen to be boiled in oil, I can understand their movement of anticipatory compassion; but surely any



## THE ILL-FATED BRITISH SUBMARINE "E 15" INSPECTED BY TURKS AND GERMANS: AN EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPH.

EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



A BRITISH SUBMARINE WHICH WAS TORPEDOED BY BRITISH PICKET-BOATS AFTER BEING EXAMINED BY TURKISH AND GERMAN OFFICERS, INCLUDING

FALLING INTO THE HANDS OF THE TURKS: THE "E 15," STRANDED ON KEPHEZ POINT. A PAINSTAKING GERMAN WITH A NOTEBOOK AND A TURKISH FEZ.

This remarkably interesting photograph shows Turkish and German officers examining the stranded British Submarine "E 15," in which may be seen a number of shot-holes. The Admiralty announced on April 12: "The British Submarine 'E 15,' while attempting a difficult reconnaissance of the Kephez mine-field in the Dardanelles yesterday, ran ashore on Kephez Point." A Turkish official account said: "The British Submarine 'E 15' has been sunk in the Dardanelles east of Karanlik. Three officers and 21 of the crew of 31 have been rescued and captured. Among them is the former British Vice-Consul at the Dardanelles." A later Turkish official version stated: "The submarine started from Tenedos at midnight and entered the Dardanelles at 2.30 a.m. It dived at 2.30 a.m. in order to avoid the searchlights. Carried forward by a strong current, it grounded at 6.30 a.m. with the conning-tower above water. The Turkish batteries opened fire, and

the first shell struck the bridge, killing the Captain. The second shell hit the electrical machinery-room, so that the crew were obliged to leave the vessel, but the Turkish batteries continued to fire. Three persons were killed and seven wounded. When the enemy's (i.e., the Allies') air-machines learned the fate of the submarine, they flew over the Straits in search of it and threw bombs on the periscope and conning-tower, fearing that it might fall into the hands of the Turks. Turkish troops immediately set out in boats to save the submarine's crew. The wounded British sailors were taken to hospital." The Captain of "E 15" was Lieut.-Commander Theodore Stuart Brodie. Subsequently "E 15" was successfully torpedoed and rendered useless through a most gallant exploit, on the night of April 18, by two picket-boats from the "Majestic" and the "Triumph." Further interesting war-photographs from the Turkish side will appear in our next issue.



## FACING FEARFUL ODDS: THE SUPERB GALLANTRY OF "PRINCESS PAT'S" IN HOLDING THEIR TRENCH.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN OFFICER PRESENT AT THE ACTION.



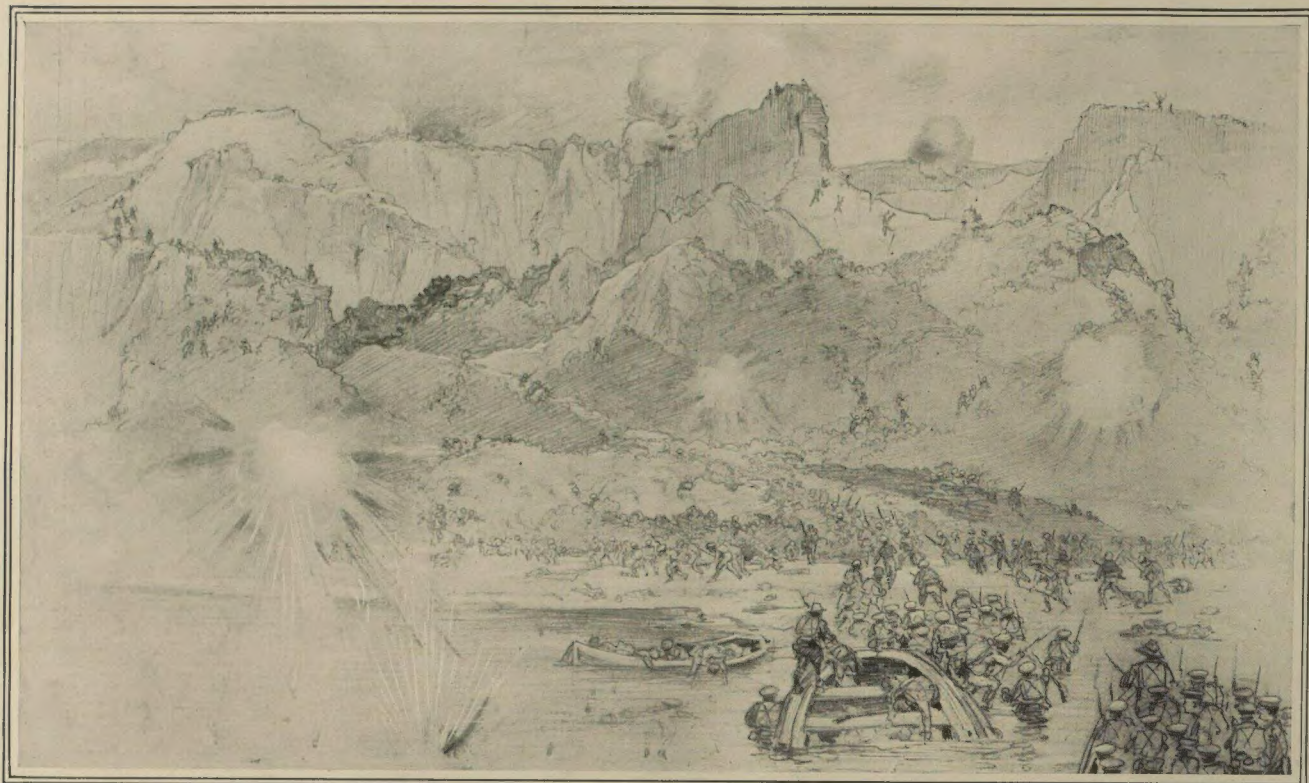
## WHEN MACHINE-GUNS HAD TO BE DUG OUT OF THE EARTH IN WHICH EXPLODING SHELLS ENGULFED THEM: PRINCESS PATRICIA'S LIGHT INFANTRY BEATING OFF AN ATTACK ON MAY 8.

Splendid work as the men of the Canadian Contingent have done, in particular, in the April battle at Ypres when, with a daring charge in the open, they recaptured the guns which had to be abandoned in consequence of the poisoning of the gunners by the dastardly employment by the enemy of deadly gas fumes—the first employment of the device by the enemy—no finer feat of arms stands to the credit of the Division than the brilliant fight of Princess Patricia's Light Infantry in the trenches on May 8. Their trenches were heavily shelled from early morning until night, were enflamed by shrapnel and Maxim fire, broken down and blown in by high-explosive heavy-howitzer shells, their machine-guns being buried under heaps of earth, and officers and men were struck down on all sides. Every telephone-wire to the headquarters was destroyed early in the day and messages for reinforcements could not get

through to headquarters. Ammunition began to run short, but tenaciously, with dogged, unshaken fortitude, the fast-dwindling remnant of the battalion held on, beating back several advances made towards their section of the line by the Germans. They dug out their buried machine-guns and used them afresh time and again, until all were disabled. So they fought on, and then at length help was able to reach them. The cool intrepidity of the snipers of the battalion saved the survivors of the Princess Patricia's from annihilation by managing to carry back news of the state of things to the troops in reserve. A Lieutenant and three junior officers with 150 men were all the survivors out of 635 present at roll-call on the previous evening. Our illustration shows the beating-off by rifle-fire of one German attack made under cover of a bombardment with high-explosive shells.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## THE STORMING OF THE GALLIPOLI CLIFFS: A MAGNIFICENT EXPLOIT.



AUSTRALIAN AND NEW ZEALAND BAYONETS CLEARING THE WAY AT GABA TEPE: THE HEROIC DASH WHICH MADE GOOD THE ARMY'S FOOTING.



WHERE THE DEFEATED TURKS WERE DRIVEN HEADLONG: THE STEEP GORGE DOWN WHICH THE DEFENDERS OF THE BEACH FINALLY FLED.

The upper illustration depicts the scene during the landing of a section of the British Expeditionary Force at Gaba Tepe, and the heroically brilliant charge of the troops first landed, which cleared off the Turks who endeavoured, in vain, to beat back the invaders. The sketch further brings out the apparently impregnable position held by the enemy, massed in trenches along steep slopes and precipitous heights covered with heather-like scrub and thick bush. Not visible from the point at which the drawing was made was a range of abruptly-rising sandy cliffs. There the supporting Turkish battalions stood under arms, until the headlong dash of the disembarked

British, after sweeping back the swarm of Turks in front, reached them in turn. In a resistless bayonet-charge, our men broke these up also, and sent the whole opposing force back in a mob of panic-stricken fugitives. The lower sketch takes in the view down the steep-sided gorge through which the Turks retreated in disorder with the bayonets of the pursuing British troops at their backs. Since then a practicable military road from the landing-beach to the nearest British camp on the Peninsula has been constructed through the district, in spite of enormous engineering difficulties due to the physical conformation of the ground.



# DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAMBERT WESTON, LAFAYETTE, LANGFIER, ELLIOTT AND FRY, GALE AND FOLDEN, AND L. CASWALL SMITH.

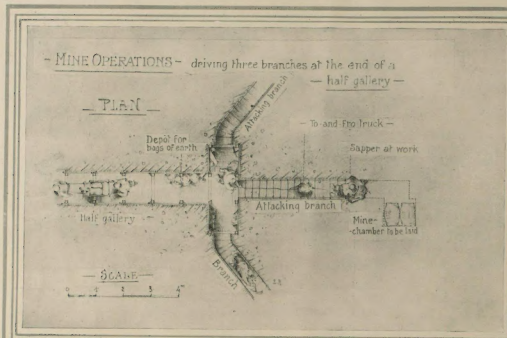
					
2ND LT. O. M. TENNENT, W. YORKS. REGT.	2ND LT. R. W. THORNTON, ROYAL FUSILIERS.	2ND LT. A. B. P. MCCLENGHAN, WILTSHIRE REGT.	2ND LT. J. B. WILSON, CAMERONIANS.	2ND LT. C. J. D. SMITH, GRENADEER GUARDS.	2ND LT. G. C. OSBORN, ROYAL ENGINEERS.
					
CAPTAIN R. B. MACAN, 28TH LI., INDIAN ARMY.	CAPT. E. G. W. BOURKE, KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.	MAJOR C. G. MASSIE BLOMFIELD, ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGT.	CAPT. COLIN F. F. CAMPBELL, SCOTS GUARDS.	CAPTAIN G. J. L. SMITH, WEST ONTARIO REGT.	
					
LIEUT. A. C. HOBSON, 2ND LIFE GUARDS.	CAPT. A. J. HEPBURN, MANCHESTER REGT.	LT.-COL. C. H. M. DOUGHTY-WYLIE, C.B., C.M.G., V.C., ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.	CAPT. E. B. AMPHLETT, WORCESTERSHIRE REGT.	LT. A. C. F. BIDDLE-COPE, K. SHROPSHIRE LI.	
					
LIEUT. E. A. WRIGHT, R.A.M.C.	CAPTAIN R. G. EDGAR, MANCHESTER REGT.	MAJOR J. McLAREN, 1ST CANADIAN CONTINGENT.	CAPT. AMYAS LEIGH RADFORD, K. LIVERPOOL REGT.	LIEUT. C. M. BERLEIN, OXFORD AND BUCKS LI.	
					
LIEUT. CAUTLEY TATHAM, H.A.C. (INFTY.)	LIEUT. H. R. SAVEL, 1ST SURREY REGT.	MAJOR A. E. KIMMINS, 1ST ONTARIO BATTALION.	LT. J. DAMPIER HALLIFAX, YORKSHIRE REGT.	LIEUT. S. O'NEILL, LANCS. FUSILIERS.	
					
2ND LT. CHARLES KIRCH, BEDFORDSHIRE REGT.	2ND LT. L. M. POWELL, GORDON HIGHLANDERS.	2ND LT. R. W. AYNSELEY, N. STAFFS. REGT.	2ND LT. C. H. R. THOMAS, S. LANCS. REGT.		

2nd Lieut. Charles Jervoise Dudley Smith was the elder son of Mr. Gerald Dudley Smith and Lady Barbara Smith, of Strensham Court, Worcester, and grandson of the Earl of Coventry. Capt. R. B. Macan was the only surviving son of the Master of University College, Oxford. Capt. Eustace G. W. Bourke was for some time A.D.C. to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and was appointed A.D.C. to the Governor-General of South Africa, but the war intervened. Major C. G. Massie Blomfield was the elder son of Rear-Admiral Sir R. and Lady Massie Blomfield. He served through the South African War and won the medals and clasps. Lieut.-Col. Charles Hotham Montagu Doughty-Wylie,

C.B., C.M.G., V.C., was killed at the Dardanelles. He had served with distinction in many campaigns since his first war service in the Black Mountain Expedition of 1891, and was awarded the Victoria Cross on June 23, for most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty in the Dardanelles. Major McLaren, 1st Canadian Infantry Division, was killed in the famous charge to recover the guns at Langemarck. 2nd Lieut. Leonard Maurice Powell was the younger son of Mr. R. Leonard Powell, J.P., of Heatherbank, Chislehurst. Major A. E. Kimmins was mentioned in Sir John French's recent despatch.



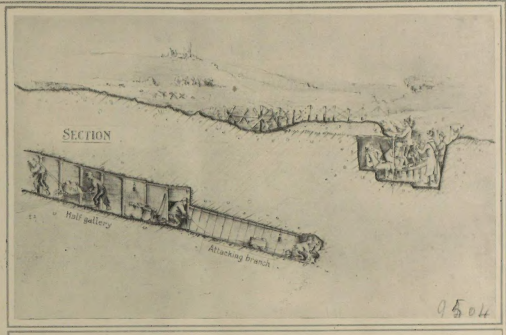
# UNDERGROUND WARFARE: MINE AND COUNTERMINE AS THEY ARE USED IN THE GREAT EUROPEAN CONFLICT.



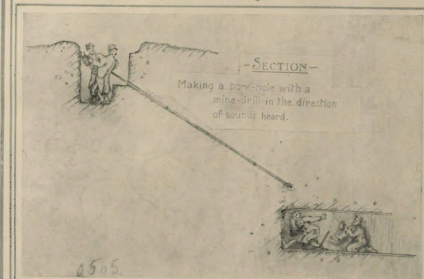
A MINE AS IT WOULD APPEAR IF THE GROUND ABOVE WERE REMOVED: A HALF-GALLERY WITH THREE BRANCHES—THE MINE-CHAMBER AT THE END OF THE CENTRAL (ATTACKING) BRANCH.



MINE-WARFARE AS SEEN FROM ABOVE: GROUND TRENCH ATTACK BY SAP AND MINE ON A GERMAN POSITION AT PORT D'AVUL.



A MINE AS IT WOULD APPEAR IF IT COULD BE SEEN FROM THE SIDE: A SECTION OF THE HALF-GALLERY AND ATTACKING BRANCH SHOWN IN ILLUSTRATION No. 1.



A METHOD OF FRUSTRATING AN ENEMY COUNTERMINE: DRILLING A HOLE-SHED IN THE DIRECTION OF SOUNDS HEARD, IN ORDER TO LAY A CAMOUFLAGE.

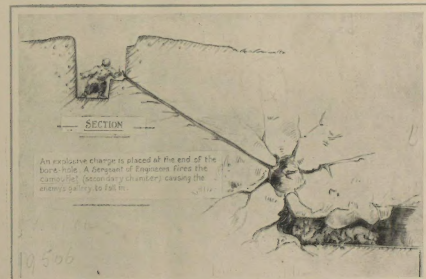
IN constructing a mine-gallery the sapper props the earth at the sides and over his head with planks. An ordinary mine-gallery is only about 4 ft. high by 2 ft. wide, and the work of excavation is extremely trying. The light soon fades, candles have to be used, and, in spite of fans and bellows, the air becomes foul. The men at the face, therefore, usually work only for a short spell. The removal of the earth is a very troublesome matter, for it has to be so distributed on the outside of the trench as to give the position, a small mine-chamber is driven sideways out of it, and an officer goes down the mine to place the charge. The hole is fired, and then follows the operation of "tamping"; that is, filling up the gallery behind the mine-chamber for some distance with sand-bags full of earth. The object is to prevent the force of the explosion from tearing back along the gallery, and to direct it through the enemy's trench. Immediately after the explosion, infantry assault the enemy's position.



HOW THE HOLE-SHED FOR A CAMOUFLAGE IS MADE: MEN WORKING A HOLE-SHED IN A GALLERY.



LISTENING FOR SOUNDS OF THE ENEMY'S COUNTERMINING: USING A MICROPHONE IN AN ATTACKING BRANCH OF A MINE.



BLOWING DOWN THE ROOF OF THE ENEMY'S COUNTERMINE: THE EFFECT OF EXPLODING THE CAMOUFLAGE LAID BY A HOLE-SHED AS SHOWN IN ILLUSTRATION No. 4.

THE longest mine-tunnel made during the war—at any rate, up to that time—was constructed by the French to blow up a chateau held by the Germans at Verdun, which it was impossible to storm owing to the wide, fire-swept space before it. French Engineers drove two parallel galleries two yards apart at a depth of eighteen feet, one 105 yards long and the other, 95 yards. They were charged with 250 lb. and 300 lb. of dynamite respectively. The explosion brought down the walls of the chateau. Infantry rushed to the assault, and the Germans were finally driven from Verdun. A British example, near La Basche, was given recently by "Eye-Witness." "The assault was prepared," he says, "by the firing of a heavily charged mine under the hostile defences. This exploded successfully and blew up a considerable length of the German parapet, forming a large crater. It is probable that a number of Germans were killed here." Later, he writes: "Not far from Wymondley the Germans fired a mine during the night, which blew up their own entanglements without doing us harm."

The illustrations given above, and those accompanying an article on the subject which appears on another page in this number, show very clearly the methods employed in the system of mining and countermine which has become a regular part of the trench-warfare now being waged in so many parts of Europe. As explained in the article just mentioned, this mine-warfare has been found necessary in places where the opposing trenches have approached within a short distance of each other—say, 25 to 50 yards. Owing to the power and precision of modern firearms—rifles, machine-guns, and artillery—the infantry attack can well be made upon strongly protected trenches without some preparation of the ground by breaking down the enemy's defences and machine-gun positions. At a distance, this preparatory work is done by artillery. Where the trenches are close together, the sap and mine form a more

subtle method. For one thing, it is comparatively silent, and thus gives less warning to the enemy of an approaching infantry attack, which an artillery bombardment, *per se*, announces. On the other hand, mining has its own difficulties and dangers, which arise chiefly from the countermine operations of the enemy. "Eye-Witness" in his article of June 23, described the nature of a countermine in connection with a series of British mines recently fired near Arras. "At the same time as these mines," he writes, "which were of a nature to produce craters, were exploded, we fired a countermine, or a mine so charged, in relation to its depth below ground, that the earth all round within its radius of action is shaken and disturbed, whilst the surface is not broken. This was also successful in its object."



## Fighting Underground: Mine-Warfare.

[A Translation from "L'Illustration," of Paris. See other Illustrations in this Number.]

TRENCH-WARFARE has gradually and by force of circumstances led to mine warfare. The first line of trenches in the fighting zone constitutes an advanced defence of points of support (villages, woods, châteaux, farms, deep roads, etc.), and serves to establish communication between them. So long as the two adversaries are not in complete touch with one another and remain separated by distances of 500 to 600 yards, this advanced line is not continuous, being simply occupied by sentries and pickets. When, by rushes in the open and then by sapping, the advanced lines are brought sufficiently close to make all progress impossible without heavy losses from bombs and grenades, mine-warfare commences.

In this new phase the distance between the French and German trenches varies from about 25 to 50 yards. By a rapid and unexpected rush it would seem easy to throw oneself into the enemy positions; but whilst the works of the attacking party advance, the enemy in his turn has linked up the elements of his advanced line, flanked them with numerous machine-guns, equipped them with bomb-throwers and *Minenwerfer*, and thrown up in front of the parapets, or more often behind a prepared network of iron wire, accessory defences of all kinds (*hérissés*, *chevaux-de-frise*, *cal-trops*, etc.). The trench itself is, in principle, always occupied by sentries, more or less numerous; but the possibility of an attack makes it necessary to have reserves near at hand ready to assist, and to create communication-trenches for them to come up.

Thus the simple fact of driving saps and parallels close up to the enemy has the initial effect of fixing many of his men to the spot, and of keeping them constantly under threat of an attack. If such attack takes place, it can only be crowned with complete success after making breaches, by the destruction of the accessory defences, and the silencing of the flanking fire. These results may be achieved by heavy artillery fire, and even by the prolonged use of machine-guns; it has been found that with 10,000 cartridges a gap of some twenty yards can be made. But these methods are noisy, and must, to remain effective, immediately precede the attack. Hence their use warns the enemy that it is going to take place. He is then on his guard, all take up their firing positions, the breaches made are immediately swept by a flanking fire, and the success of the attack is all a matter of chance.

The problem was how to find the means of making a breach in the enemy lines and abruptly destroying his flanking dispositions at the very moment the troops leave for the attack. The solution has been solved by mine-warfare. Mine-chambers placed under the accessory defences or under the machine-guns of the enemy make the breaches. The difficulty is to place the chambers

at the vital points. The enemy knows their importance and protects them by a system of counter-mines, charged as soon as the works of the attackers indicate a resort to mining. To locate these, listeners are placed at the end of each branch of the counter-mine. When the first noises are reported, suitable measures are taken. Mine-warfare will then begin in earnest. Contact by listening is established. Sometimes the entanglement of galleries and branches is such that an enemy

the transport is effected either by a lorry running on rails of 40 cm. (about 15 inches), or by relays of barrows. The organisation of "listeners" prevents surprise by the explosion of the enemy's *camoufflets*. Listening is a very delicate operation. It consists of detecting the direction, height, and distance of the sounds heard, the intensity of which varies according to the nature of the object causing them and the character of the ground. As a rule, listening is done by sappers trained specially in time of peace, and without the assistance of any apparatus. To obtain greater clearness, drums are used as well as special microphones.

If the activity shown by the two opposing parties is the same, if the attentiveness and the technical skill of the listeners are equal, it is difficult to succeed in placing a chamber immediately under the enemy trench. As soon as a prolonged silence is noticed on the part of the enemy after a period of rather hard work, the conclusion is that a chamber or a *camoufflet* is being loaded, and at once you charge your own mine; and in that case it is a question of speed, or else you take the necessary measures of safety determined by the circumstances. The loading of the mine-chamber is followed by the operations of connecting the fuse and tamping. The latter (which consists of blocking up the mine-chamber with earth or sand-bags so as to direct the force of the explosion towards the enemy) takes several hours for fairly large chambers, and should comprise several "masks" for the purpose of preventing the force of the explosion from shifting the materials used for forming the tamping. The charge is fired electrically, or by detonating-cord which detonates at the rate of seven kilometres (about 4½ miles) per second. The electric wires for firing, or the detonating-cord, are placed in troughs buried in the tamping, and as soon as the latter is completed, the charge is fired. If, at the moment of explosion, the line of least resistance of the chamber passes through a gallery or any work whatever of the enemy, these are completely destroyed. The quantity of powder in the chamber depends on the nature of the subsoil and on the distance from the centre of the powder to the surface of the ground. When subterranean warfare becomes

intense, an enormous quantity of explosives is required.

Even in sectors where clearly defined offensive cannot be undertaken for very varying reasons, mine-warfare has, therefore, the following results, which cannot, however, be obtained, as one may guess, without constant and serious losses in men, but the importance of which will be apparent to everyone: (1) To maintain and hold opposite one's front effectives at least equivalent to those of the assailant, and give them no rest; (2) To compel the enemy to expend ammunition lavishly.



THE COMMENCEMENT OF A MINE: A GALLERY ENTRANCE AT THE BOTTOM OF A FIRING-TRENCH.



THE MAKING OF A HALF-GALLERY: FRENCH SAPPERS AT WORK UNDERGROUND.



ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES OF MINE-WARFARE: THE REMOVAL OF EARTH FROM A GALLERY BY BARROW.



ENGINEER OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF MINING OPERATIONS: IN A CONTROL-STATION.

gallery is arrived at or even a chamber discovered; thereupon the fuses are immediately cut.

The construction of galleries and branches of attack are attended by the following difficulties: (1) The removal of the earth and its distribution outside; (2) The chambers and *camoufflets* of the enemy. A *camoufflet*, it may be noted, is a secondary chamber at a greater depth drilled by a boring-bar in the supposed direction of the enemy works to cause them to fall in.

The earth is removed from the attacking branches either in sacks or in a miner's truck. In the galleries,



## COLOSSAL IMPUDENCE: "PROTECTION AGAINST ENGLISH GAS-BOMBS"!



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY! A GERMAN ILLUSTRATION OF A GERMAN RED-CROSS MAN WEARING "PROTECTION AGAINST ENGLISH GAS-BOMBS"—"A FACE-MASK, AND OXYGEN APPARATUS FOR RENDERING AID TO THE ASPHYXIATED."

After the German Army has for months been employing the devilish torture of asphyxiating gas upon our troops—an outrage which it alone devised and inaugurated—a German illustrated paper has had the effrontery to publish this illustration with the description quoted above: "Protection against English gas-bombs"! Against this it is not inappropriate to quote, by way of example, from a report by Sir John French regarding recent operations near Hooze: "As a result of the fighting in this neighbourhood during the week we have captured 213 prisoners, including 2 officers, and have taken 3 machine-guns and a full gas-cylinder." It is true that Lord Kitchener recently indicated that

some form of retaliation against the German poison-gases would be necessary to save the Allies' troops from being placed at an unjustifiable disadvantage, "if we take no steps to meet on his own ground the enemy who is responsible for the introduction of this pernicious practice." On the same occasion, Lord Kitchener said: "The enemy (near Ypres) employed vast quantities of poisonous gases in defiance of the recognised rules of war and of their pledged word. Our soldiers and our French allies were utterly unprepared for this diabolical method of attack, which had undoubtedly been long and carefully prepared by the enemy."



# SUPERSEDING THE RIFLE, MAKING IT UNNECESSARY: THE MACHINE GUN.



FIRING ROUNDS AT CLOSE RANGE, INTO A BANK OF SAND: TESTING THE MECHANISM OF A MAXIM ON A PERMANENT MOUNT.



TESTING THE MAXIM'S "FOOD": LOADING CARTRIDGE-BELTS.

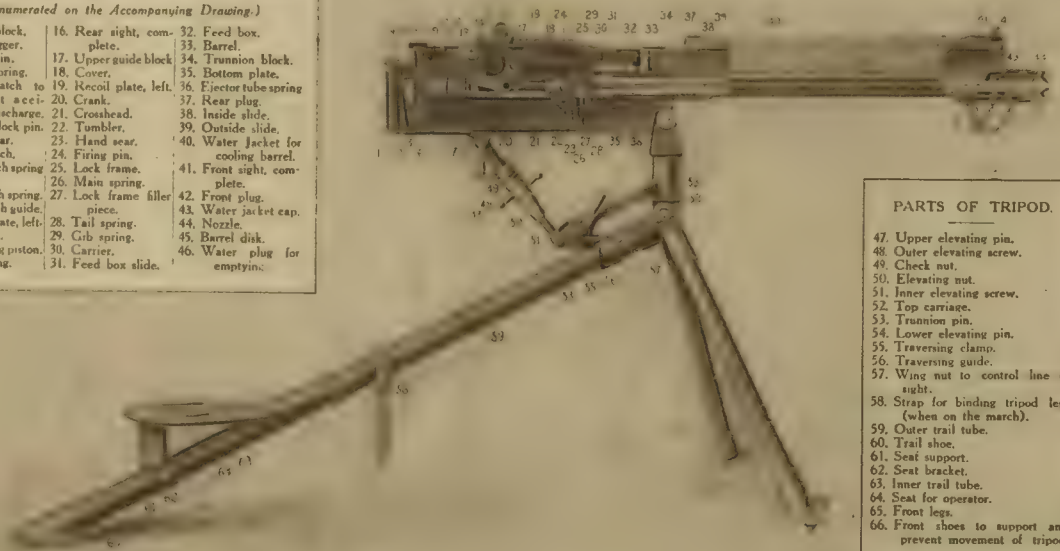


THE FINAL TEST: TRYING A MAXIM, ON FIELD SERVICE MOUNTING, AT A 600 YARDS' RANGE.

## PARTS OF MAXIM AUTOMATIC MACHINE GUN WITH TRIPOD.

(As Enumerated on the Accompanying Drawing.)

- |  |                              |                                      |
|--|------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Handle block.                                 | 16. Rear sight, complete.    | 32. Feed box.                        |
| 2. Firing trigger.                               | 17. Upper guide block.       | 33. Barrel.                          |
| 3. Trigger pin.                                  | 18. Cover.                   | 34. Trunnion block.                  |
| 4. Trigger spring.                               | 19. Recoil plate, left.      | 35. Bottom plate.                    |
| 5. Safety catch to prevent accidental discharge. | 20. Crank.                   | 36. Ejector tube spring.             |
| 6. Handle block pin.                             | 21. Crosshead.               | 37. Rear plug.                       |
| 7. Trigger bar.                                  | 22. Tumbler.                 | 38. Inside slide.                    |
| 8. Cover catch.                                  | 23. Hand gear.               | 39. Outside slide.                   |
| 9. Cover catch spring piston.                    | 24. Firing pin.              | 40. Water jacket for cooling barrel. |
| 10. Cover catch spring.                          | 25. Lock frame.              | 41. Front sight, complete.           |
| 11. Cover catch guide.                           | 26. Main spring.             | 42. Front plug.                      |
| 12. Outside plate, left.                         | 27. Lock frame filler piece. | 43. Water jacket cap.                |
| 13. Sight rack.                                  | 28. Tail spring.             | 44. Nozzle.                          |
| 14. Sight spring piston.                         | 29. Gib spring.              | 45. Barrel disk.                     |
| 15. Sight spring.                                | 30. Carrier.                 | 46. Water plug for emptying.         |



## PARTS OF TRIPOD.

47. Upper elevating pin.
48. Outer elevating screw.
49. Check nut.
50. Elevating nut.
51. Inner elevating screw.
52. Top carriage.
53. Trunnion pin.
54. Lower elevating pin.
55. Traversing clamp.
56. Traversing guide.
57. Wing nut to control line of sight.
58. Strap for binding tripod legs (when on the march).
59. Outer trail tube.
60. Trail shoe.
61. Seat support.
62. Seat bracket.
63. Inner trail tube.
64. Seat for operator.
65. Front legs.
66. Front shoes to support and prevent movement of tripod.



USED FOR REFERENCE: PARTS OF A MAXIM—ALL OF THEM SPECIALLY FINISHED—EMPLOYED AS STANDARDS.



A SIGN OF PERFECT CONSTRUCTION: THE MANY GAUGES USED TO TEST THE PARTS OF A MAXIM MACHINE-GUN.

In a recent speech, the Minister of Munitions said: "The superiority of the Germans in material was most marked in heavy guns, in their high-explosive shells, in their rifles, and, perhaps most of all, in their machine-guns. These have proved to be about the most formidable weapons in the war. They have almost superseded the rifle, they have almost rendered the rifle unnecessary. . . . The difficulty is that these weapons cannot

be improvised in a short time. The machinery for making machine-guns takes eight or nine months to construct before you begin to turn out a single machine-gun. . . . It is vital for the life of our people, it is vital in order to enable them to retain their position, that every available machine-gun which can be produced should be turned out without the least delay."—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]



# SMOKE-SCREENS IN NAVAL BATTLES: HOW WAR-SHIPS MAKE COVER.



RENDERED PRACTICALLY INVISIBLE BY HER OWN SMOKE: A WAR-SHIP  
CONCEALED AT SEA.



WHAT ONE SHIP CAN PRODUCE FROM HER FUNNELS AS A SMOKE-SCREEN: AN ENORMOUS COLUMN OF SMOKE EMITTED  
BY A SINGLE DESTROYER.



A SMOKE-SCREEN AS IT APPEARS ON THE SHIP PRODUCING IT: A HUGE  
VOLUME OF SMOKE ISSUING FROM A WAR-SHIP'S FUNNEL.



ON THE DECK OF A WAR-SHIP WHILE A SMOKE-SCREEN IS BEING EMITTED:  
A LOWER VIEW OF THE SMOKE POURING FROM A FUNNEL.

The use by war-ships of the smoke from their own funnels to conceal themselves from an enemy, or to cover the movements of other ships, is strikingly illustrated by the above photographs. No. 2, showing the vast quantity of smoke emitted by a single destroyer, indicates what might be done by, say, twenty or thirty. In ships using oil fuel, the smoke can be turned on or off at will by supplying more or less air to the furnaces. It may be recalled that the employment of smoke-screens by the Germans was mentioned by Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty in his despatch on the battle in the North Sea.

"Our flotilla cruisers and destroyers," he wrote, "had gradually dropped from a position broad on our beam to our port quarter, so as not to foul our range with their smoke. . . . About 9.45 a.m. . . . 'Lion' was engaging No. 1, 'Princess Royal' No. 3, 'New Zealand' No. 4, while the 'Tiger,' who was second in our line, fired first at their No. 1, and, when interfered with by smoke, at their No. 4. The enemy's destroyers emitted vast columns of smoke to screen their battle-cruisers, and under cover of this the latter now appeared to have altered course to the northward to increase their distance."



# "PRACTICALLY THE COMPLETE POSSESSION OF GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA": WINDHOEK IN GENERAL BOTHA'S HANDS.

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AFTER THE MARCH OVER WATERLESS GROUND AND MINE-SOWN ROADS: GENERAL BOTHA ARRANGING THE SURRENDER OF WINDHOEK WITH THE BURGOMASTER.

It was officially announced on May 13 that General Botha had entered Windhoek, the capital of German South-West Africa, at noon on the preceding day. There was no resistance. The Union Jack was hoisted at the Rathaus, and there was read a proclamation declaring martial law throughout the territory conquered and occupied by the Union forces. General Botha then addressed the troops under General Myburgh, thanking them for their self-sacrifice and pluck, and saying: "The result of these exertions is of the utmost importance to the Empire and the Union, as it means practically the complete possession of German South-West Africa." The march to Windhoek was a great feat. As Reuter had it, from Cape Town, "hundreds of miles of enemy country were traversed for days and days, often without food or water, and mostly on a little fresh meat for the men, and a handful of grass for the animals gathered with difficulty from odd clefts in the rocks. Occasional water-holes were marked along

the route on the map, but the enemy had carefully destroyed these . . . Although there had been no fighting, the water had been polluted, and all the roads to Windhoek had been sown with mines in fiendish profusion. The principal enemy was the barren, destitute, and waterless country itself. Nevertheless, an army of thousands of men and horses and miles of transport and fleet motor-vehicles crossed hundreds of miles of such territory, leaving comparatively nothing derelict in its trail. General Botha halted outside the town to await the arrival of the Burgomaster, who formally and unconditionally surrendered the town." Windhoek has been called "a lovely town nestling among tree-clad mountains, like a pearl set in royal purple." The capture resulted in the taking of one of Germany's most valuable high-power wireless stations, able to communicate with Berlin with only one relay (by way of Togoland station, 2300 miles away, which is also destroyed), and with Tabora, in German East Africa.



# "EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON THE WORKSHOPS OF BRITAIN": SCOTTISH GIRLS MAKING SHELLS.

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL.



## WORKERS WHO HAVE WON LORD KITCHENER'S COMMENDATION: SHELL-MAKING BY WOMEN IN SCOTLAND—"THE COUNTRY IS INDEBTED TO THEM FOR THEIR EFFORTS."

The appeal to loyal men and women to work for peace by making munitions of war has met with a magnificent response. Our illustration shows Scottish girl shell-makers who have well earned the message sent by Lord Kitchener: "Tell the girls employed in ——— how highly I appreciate the good work they are doing in turning out shells, and how much the country is indebted to them for their efforts." It is, as this picture shows, not only skilled men who can "save the life of a fellow-countryman by making shot and shell," but also the great army of women workers for the war, which wins new recruits every day. It is well known that at Krupp's great factory at Essen the labour is increasing and carried on at high pressure, and our own statesmen, the Prime Minister and Minister of Munitions, have urged upon the nation the necessity of making a heroic

effort that we may cope successfully with our enemies. "In the name of King and Country, deliver the goods!" cried Mr. Asquith to the Tynesiders in April, and the response of the workers was a thunderous "Aye!" Since that campaign Mr. Lloyd George has made fervid and eloquent appeals in Manchester and Liverpool. "It depends," he said, "more upon the masters and men who are occupied in running the workshops of this country than almost upon any section of the community" whether we win or lose in the colossal struggle, and added: "I would almost say at the present moment everything depends on the workshops of Britain." It is good to know that these vigorous appeals have met with so patriotic a response.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



# BRITISH SOLDIERS MOST FEARED BY THE GERMANS: HIGHLANDERS.

DRAWINGS BY GEORGES SCOTT.



1. A PRIVATE OF THE BLACK WATCH.

2. NOT, IN THIS CASE, A HIGHLANDER: A DRUMMER OF THE ARTISTS' RIFLES.

3. A MAJOR OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

4. A PRIVATE OF THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.

5. A PIPER OF THE BLACK WATCH.

In the course of the war, the German troops have had good reason to acquire a wholesome respect for all the British regiments who have been opposed to them on the battlefield, but in particular, it is understood, they fear the prowess of the Highlanders. They have learnt the mettle of these warriors of the North in many a battle. Our illustrations

are from drawings by the famous French military painter, M. Georges Scott. One of the figures, the drummer of the Artists' Rifles, does not, of course, represent a Scottish regiment, but, as all the rest do, our general heading, Highlanders, may perhaps be allowed to stand.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]



# STREET BY STREET, HOUSE BY HOUSE: NEUVILLE-SAINT-VAAST.



PHOTOGRAPHED WHEN THE GERMANS WERE STILL BEHIND THE WALL:  
A BARRICADE AT THE CORNER OF A HOUSE.



WHERE THE FRENCH HAD TO THRUST A WAY ACROSS: THE POST OF  
A COMMANDER OF A SECTION.



IN THE GRANDE RUE OF NEUVILLE-SAINT-VAAST: MACHINE-GUNS BEHIND  
A BARRICADE.



UNDER A DEADLY CROSS-FIRE FOR A CONSIDERABLE TIME: A TRENCH THROUGH  
A WRECKED HOUSE.

It took the French exactly one month, from May 9 to June 9, to capture Neuville-Saint-Vaast, after effecting a lodgment in the outskirts of the village at one end; this owing to the extraordinarily formidable character of the German defence organisation, the village forming a solid block of adjacent houses, converted practically into a fortress. Four lines of trenches and the outlying village, La Targette, formed five strong lines of exterior defences in addition to accessory posts in isolated houses along a sunken road. Part of the celebrated Labyrinth barred the way into Neuville-Saint-Vaast with its maze of cement-faced redoubts and communication-trenches, bristling with artillery and Maxims. The outlying houses of the village were stormed on May 9, and from then, to the clearing-

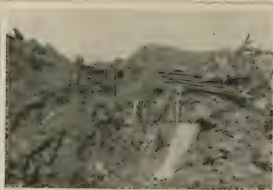
out of the enemy, the fight was a house-to-house battle. Our first photograph shows a barricade at the angle of a stone-walled building—the Germans, when the photograph was taken, were only a few yards off, just behind the wall in the background. The second shows the kind of place the French had to force their way through—the post of the Commandant of a section. The third shows a hasty barricade across the main street, after being stormed and taken by the French, with machine-guns trained ready for the next onslaught. The fourth shows a trench (which long remained midway between both sides, neither being able to retain possession and keep it) excavated across the wrecked interior of a dwelling-house.



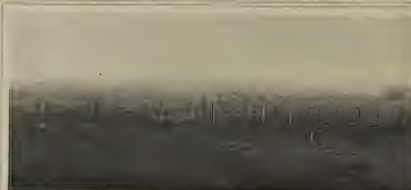
## PLACES WHERE HISTORY IS BEING MADE: SCENES OF FRENCH VICTORIES "IN THE SECTOR NORTH OF ARRAS."



THE LORETTE POSITION AS SEEN FROM THE ABLAIN CEMETERY: A PANORAMA SHOWING (ON THE LEFT) THE CHURCH OF ABLAIN ST. NAZAIRE; (CENTRE BACKGROUND) THE PLATEAU OF NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE AND THE GREAT SPUR; (RIGHT) THE SOUCHEZ SUGAR REFINERY; AND (EXTREME RIGHT) THE WOODS OF THE CHÂTEAU DE CARLEUL.



A CAPTURED GERMAN POSITION ON THE LORETTE PLATEAU: A WRECKED MOUNTAIN-GUN IN A "FUNNEL."



A SCENE OF DESPERATE FIGHTING FOR MANY WEEKS: THE BATTLEFIELD SHOWING THE CALONNE DYKE IN THE CENTRE.



THE LORETTE POSITION AS SEEN FROM THE ABLAIN CEMETERY: A PANORAMA SHOWING (ON THE LEFT) THE CHURCH OF ABLAIN ST. NAZAIRE; (CENTRE BACKGROUND) THE PLATEAU OF NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE AND THE GREAT SPUR; (RIGHT) THE SOUCHEZ SUGAR REFINERY; AND (EXTREME RIGHT) THE WOODS OF THE CHÂTEAU DE CARLEUL.



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ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE CHAPEL OF NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE: HAVOC ON THE SUMMIT OF THE PLATEAU.



WHERE THE FRENCH HAVE WON NOTABLE SUCCESSES: A PANORAMA LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE LORETTE PLATEAU, SHOWING (ON THE HORIZON) TOWERS OF MONT ST. ELOI.



ON THE LEFT, SOUCHEZ BEING BOMBARDED BY FRENCH 150-MM GUNS; CENTRE: ABLAIN AND (FURTHER OFF) CARENCEY; AND (EXTREME RIGHT) THE WOOD OF LA HAYE.

For many weeks past, during the advance so gallantly pressed forward by the French in the sector north of Arras—operations which have assumed in a great battle—the names of the places shown in the above photographs have been constantly repeated in the official French reports of the fighting. More recently, a *communiqué* of June 24 mentioned "a lively skirmish between the Souchez sugar refinery and the national road from Bithune to Arras," and continued: "Our advance is checked by the state of the ground, which has been rendered almost impenetrable at certain points by the recent storms." Souchez is a small town about eight miles north of Arras and five miles south-west of Lens. The plateau of Notre Dame de Lorette is about a mile north-west of Souchez, and the villages of Ablain St. Nazaire and Carencey are about two miles west of Souchez. Some three miles further north lies

Ablain-St. Nazaire, near which is the Fosse Calonne, or Calonne Dyke (not to be confused with the Tranchée Calonne, or Calonne Trench, on the heights of the Menin). It was on May 27 that the French stormed the Ablain cemetery, where the German troops used the tombstones as cover. Three 400 Germans, including 7 officers, surrendered, unable to withstand a French bayonet-charge. Two days later the whole of Ablain was in the hands of the French. The Souchez sugar refinery was also the scene of desperate fighting. It was first captured by the French on May 31, but changed hands several times before they were finally left in possession of it. A *communiqué* of June 17 stated: "We gained a footing in the park of the Carleul Château, whose moat, full of water, have served as a base to the enemy's defences." The château is situated between Souchez and Carencey.



## SCIENCE &amp; NATURAL HISTORY

VERITY LIVES IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A DOCTOR RECEIVES

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH INOCULATIONS  
AGAINST TYPHOID.

IT is well known that the French system of inoculation against typhoid fever differs slightly from our own, although both systems are based on the same theory of immunisation, and it is not contended that one is more efficacious in practice than the other. As inoculation is still voluntary among our own

communication to the Académie des Sciences in the last-named year.

This system consists in the first place, of killing the typhoid bacillus which it is intended to use by the addition of an ether directly compounded for that purpose. After this has been done, the mixture is shaken for some seconds, and then left to settle for a period of five hours. The result of this is that the sterilising ether, having done its work, rises to the surface, leaving behind it a solution of dead bacilli which is then drawn off, mixed with sterilised water, and immediately sealed in tiny bottles, some of them containing as little as two centimetres cube of the solution. The strictest care is taken throughout against exposure to the atmosphere during any part of this process, all instruments, receptacles, and the like, being sterilised by exposure to intense heat; and some very ingenious apparatus has been devised for that purpose. When the seal of the bulb containing the "vaccine" is broken, its neck is carefully protected against infection by washing with tincture of iodine, which is also applied to the skin of the patient to be inoculated. The vaccine is then drawn up into the syringe called from its inventor, "Séringue Pravaz," the sharpened nozzle of this is made to pierce the skin behind the left shoulder-blade of the patient, the piston of the syringe is pressed, and the operation is complete.

Compare this now with the English method described in this column in February last, and devised by Sir Almroth Wright. In this, the bacilli used are killed, not by an ether in the French fashion, but by heat; and, to make assurance doubly sure, an antiseptic is mixed with the solution. All the cultures used are prepared in the laboratory, and animals are not employed in the process, as they are in the preparation of small-pox vaccine. The same precautions against contamination from the atmosphere are taken here as

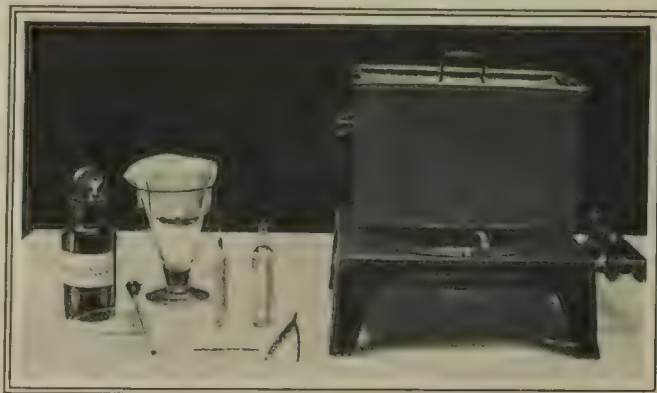
in France, although the apparatus used by us is not, perhaps, quite so ingenious and up to date. Finally, the patient is inoculated, not behind the shoulder, but on the arm for the reasons above given. It is claimed for the French method that the local symptoms resulting from it are less marked than in ours, and that the use of an ether instead of heat for the killing of the bacilli enables them to use a smaller number than we do. It is not certain that this claim would be admitted by our bacteriologists.

One addition has been made to the armoury of the Laboratory of the Val de Grâce, where Dr. Vincent's vaccine is prepared, which is certainly most valuable. As was shown in this column some weeks ago, there exist beside the fever strictly called



ANTI-TYPHOID VACCINATION IN THE FRENCH ARMY: WORKING AN APPARATUS FOR THE STRICTLY ASEPTIC TRANSFUSION OF LIQUIDS.

armies, it is, perhaps, as well that it should be assimilated as closely as possible to the vaccination (properly so called) against small-pox, which most of our soldiers have had performed on them in their infancy. In France, where anti-typhoid inoculation is now compulsory, the authorities have naturally a freer hand in the matter. The system there adopted is based on the method devised by Dr. Vincent in the years 1908-1910, and put forward by him in a



ANTI-TYPHOID VACCINATION IN THE FRENCH ARMY: APPARATUS EMPLOYED, INCLUDING CISTERN FOR STERILISING INSTRUMENTS IN BOILING WATER, BOTTLE OF TINCTURE OF IODINE (WITH BRUSH), INJECTION-SYRINGE, PHIAL OF VACCINE, AND FORCEPS.

typhoid, two other diseases called paratyphoid, which are caused by one of two bacilli known to bacteriologists as A and B. These bacilli can produce, in certain circumstances, fevers easily mistakable for typhoid; and it is probably to the presence of them or one of them that the very few failures of inoculation to produce perfect immunity must be attributed. Dr. Vincent has now succeeded in producing another vaccine which gives immunity against these paratyphoid fevers also; and this, we learn from an article in our contemporary, *La Nature*, has been used with good effect in the French armies. It is to be hoped that it will not be long before it is adopted here also.

Meanwhile it may be permissible to quote from a letter received from a friend of the writer who has just undergone inoculation in the English fashion, and who is of a temperament which would lend itself with great ease to the exaggeration of any symptoms of discomfort which might follow. He says: "My arm was rather stiff and tender for two or three days, and twenty-four hours after the first operation I began to feel sleepy and as if I were going to have influenza. My temperature rose to 99 [instead of 98.5], and I rested for nearly a day, expecting the most terrifying symptoms. They did not come, and on the second inoculation I felt only a little slack and my arm was only just bad enough to remind me to sleep on the other side." With this untutored testimony, which could be multiplied to almost any extent, is it possible that any soldier in our armies will be so selfish and unpatriotic as to endanger the lives of his comrades by refusing to submit himself to inoculation?—F. L.



ANTI-TYPHOID VACCINATION IN THE FRENCH ARMY: LABORATORY WORK—FILLING PHIALS WITH VACCINE.



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## NEW NOVELS.

"Unofficial." There was once a young man who, when young men went for soldiers, hung back—and this is the story of him. You have no sympathy with slackers? Exactly. Neither has Mr



TESTING THEIR SWIMMING-COLLARS AND BELTS, "IN CASE THEY GET INTO THE DITCH": BRITISH NAVAL OFFICERS ON AN ISLAND IN THE AEGEAN.

Our correspondent describes the swimming-collars and belts as a precaution "in case we get into the Ditch," which presumably means being sunk in the Dardanelles.

Bohun Lynch, who has analysed the heart of the man who did not volunteer (a far more difficult thing for him to do than to follow the first recruiting sergeant who hailed him in the street) and exposed its acute discomforts. "Unofficial" (Martin Secker) lures the reader on. It begins with a tang of the things that were so new and so vivid before August 1914, and are so immeasurably stale now the affectations of degeneracy, the youthful horror of seriousness, the expedient flippancy which clever people cultivated under glass, as it were. Then the war, and "the ultimate triumph of the commonplace," when, as Mr Lynch puts it, nimble-mindedness has given pride of place to presence of mind—any sort of mind. He writes of "Tipperary" what is surely the last word on the subject "To go back to 'Tipperary.' People . . . have apologised for our soldiers' taste, some have tried seriously to range the thing as a masterpiece of art. Neither will admit the power of association. . . . But when I know that thousands of soldiers sang the thing on the way to

battle, and when I think of what happened so very soon afterwards, then cheerfully I read into it any subtlety required of me. . . . 'Tipperary' is immortal—it must be." This, be it noted, is from the young man who did not go—not, at least, until the end of the book. The story of why he did not go, and eventually did go, is very clever, and, better still, behind Mr. Lynch's aggressive cleverness, it is convincing.

"Follow After." Miss Gertrude Page, true to Rhodesia, has no intention of letting the rest of the Empire forget that the great struggle has its echoes on the far frontiers of inland Africa. "Follow After" (Hurst and Blackett) is topical—amazingly topical when it is remembered how a paralysis fell upon novelists at the beginning of the war, and how little fiction many of them are able to write at present. Here, at any rate, is a courageous lady who carries her Rhodesian settlers into the conflict, sweeps them up to the defence of a Nyassaland stronghold, and gives, we have no doubt, a reasonable picture of what may be doing at this very hour in places unknown to the nation at home. She is also courageous enough to make her hero an Imperial poet, and to try to make us believe that the Empire is ringing with his songs while he, modestly anonymous, follows his destiny in Africa. We cannot quite assimilate "Mova." In the first place, his fame is supposed to penetrate into our own regions, and of course, sitting here with our eyes on Belgium and Russia, we know that he is a fictitious person. The trumpet-calls of poetry preceded the battles; but if Shakespeare himself came to life at this moment he would be less read than an official communiqué, and not even his immortal verse would be on everybody's lips. With this reservation, we have nothing but praise for "Follow After."

"Plain Jill." The plain tale of "Plain Jill" (Chapman and Hall) is refreshingly old-fashioned. A noble Earl, a simple maiden, a ghost or two, and a haughty Countess are ingredients strange to find in a novel of 1915. Miss Pendered is a writer of principle. "Let a novel be a novel" is her axiom. There was a time—and the world was at least as comfortable a place to live in then as now—when the three-decker did us all very well. Its success is worth repeating. Everybody knows Mr. Kipling's views on the good old novel, and Miss Pendered, working upon the word of high authority, has not hesitated to advertise a voyage to the islands of the blest. Earl Harolf, the fair fine aristocrat of impoverished acres and ancient lineage, is a hero who fits exactly his tale of monkish treasure, his family

ghost, and the devotion of the plain little girl with the glorious red hair who is cut out, as the perspicacious can see with half an eye, for a Countess. Her pale and lovely rival is beaten by a head at the winning-post. We knew she had no chance, but the race is very nicely stage-managed, and plain Jill's doubts and disappointments embellish the tableau of the competitors straining for the coronet of victory. A very pleasing romance is "Plain Jill," and notably unconcerned with actualities.

Now that the alliance with Japan has been sealed by the bond of blood shed against the common enemy, British interest in all things Japanese, including Japanese art, has received a great stimulus. To the well-known "Books for Collectors" published by Mr. Fisher Unwin has now been added "Chats on Japanese Prints," by Arthur Davison Ficke, which is certainly one of the most interesting and useful of the series. It has a frontispiece in colour, a reproduction of Hiroshige's picture, "The Bow-Moon," and over fifty other illustrations reproduced in black-and-white. The text is both informative and stylish, and its



SHORE LEAVE DURING THE DARDANELLES OPERATIONS: A HAPPY PICNIC PARTY OF YOUNG NAVAL OFFICERS IN LEMNOS.

On rare occasions the men serving with the Dardanelles forces get a day off duty, and make the most of it. The photograph was taken on May 15 in Lemnos, and shows a happy picnic party, with a frying-pan much in evidence. It was from Mudros Bay in that island that the expedition started for the landing in Gallipoli.

attractions are increased by the author's charming poems, on Japanese painters and kindred subjects, here and there interspersed among his chapters. It is a book that no one interested in Japanese art can afford to miss.

"Not once or twice in our fair Island story, the path of Duty was the way to Glory."—Tennyson.

## THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE LAND OF BEAUTY VIRTUE VALOUR TRUTH. Oh! who would not fight for such a Land!



By FRANK DADD.

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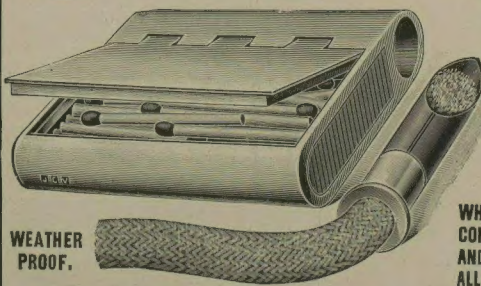
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

**Petrol Rail-Cars.** It is barely twenty years ago that the petrol-using internal-combustion engine was developed into a practical traction force applied to road vehicles. Since then it has advanced at a rate little dreamt of at that period. To-day we have motor-cars, motor-boats, air-ships, aeroplanes, power plants for

system; and last week saw completed a still bigger-powered rail-coach of 200-h.p., similarly fitted, for the New Zealand Government Railway.

**The Thomas Transmission.**

I daresay many motorists will remember the trials conducted in 1911 by the Royal Automobile Club of the Thomas transmission system, applied both to a Leyland lorry and a 16-h.p. pleasure motor-car. This method, while giving a direct top drive from the motor to the road-wheels, substituted two electrical machines in place of the gear-box for the intermediate gear ratios. For its excellent performance on those vehicles the Club awarded it the Dewar Challenge Trophy as the best improvement for that year of the various trials held under the aegis of that organisation. Now its latest application is to the rail-car. The child of 1911 has grown into a man in 1915, and bids further to develop into a veritable giant, as I can safely prophesy that the 200-h.p. rail-coach will be largely increased as to horse-power in the near future. The New Zealand Government Railway

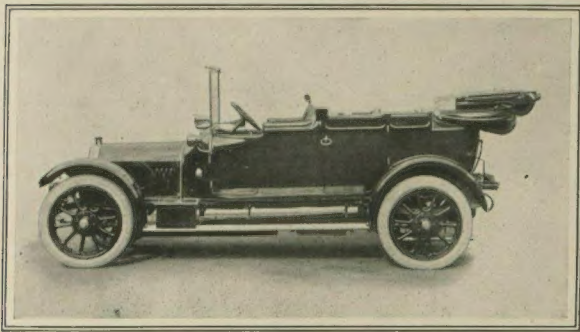
200-h.p. rail-coach designed by the Thomas Transmission Company carries 50 passengers on

the power rail-car itself, which is capable of further hauling two trailers carrying another 100 passengers, or 150 persons in all. It will also haul 85 tons up a grade of 1 in 40 at 10 miles per hour, while it has a speed of 40 miles per hour on the level. The petrol engine has eight cylinders of 7 in. bore and 8 in. stroke, set V-wise, with two carburettors feeding into the common main inlet pipe, two radiators (one at each end of the rail-coach), two pumps for the water circulation and the oil lubrication, besides driving the air-compressor for the Westinghouse brakes. Built by Messrs. J. Tyler and Sons,

Ltd., of London, the Metropolis can be proud of this addition to the motor world, for, as rail locomotives have to travel both ways, the reversing of this engine is effected by bringing into action another cam-shaft, so that, while all the auxiliary plant always turns in the same direction, only the crank-shaft of the main engine alters its direction of rotation when reversing. In a short trial run on this vehicle, I found it as simple to control as the ordinary electric tram-car; while the absence of noise, dirt, or smoke gives it advantages over the steam-locomotive for suburban work and for districts where the water is bad and coal difficult or expensive to obtain. Its economical factor is best stated from the running of the 160-h.p. rail-car in South Africa, where it shows a ton-mileage of 28 to the gallon of petrol; and this vehicle is confidently expected to do as well.

W. W.

Three volumes of timely interest in their special subjects as containing up-to-date information on topics about which everybody ought to be informed, have just been brought out by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack, in connection with their "Romance of Reality" series. The volumes are: "Electricity," by W. H. McCormick; "Engineering," by Gordon D. Knox; and "Modern Inventions," by V. E. Johnson. The last-named, dealing as it does, among other actualities of the hour, with aircraft and submarines, is peculiarly appropriate in its appearance just now.



BUY IT AND GIVE CONVALESCENT SOLDIER-FRIENDS A PICK-ME-UP RUN IN THE COUNTRY: A NEW MODEL 15-H.P. SWIFT CABRIOLET (OPEN).

The car can seat six people; two on the rear seats, two on extra seats inside with folding back-rests, two (including the driver) in front. The body is of selected ash, with plate-glass windows framed in mahogany, and the upholstery work throughout is attractively finished.

The car is now on view at the Swift depot, 132, Long Acre; and its price is £675.

lighting and for factories—all using the internal-combustion engine as the means of making "the wheels go round." Already the horse, as a road-hauler, is no longer a necessity, and now the petrol-motor is invading the railroad as a substitute for the steam-locomotive. Truly its progress is marvellous. Railway engineers for some time have stated that the limit has been reached in axle-weight of locomotives, so that trains cannot go faster or draw heavier loads—two factors that enter largely into the increasing earning power of such transporters of goods and passengers. Just when their puzzled heads have stopped worrying because of national events—hey, presto! comes the petrol rail-car to help them solve the difficulty. For, just as the lightness of the aeroplane engine compared to the power developed enabled the aeronautical engineer to produce a practical flying-machine, so the comparative lightness of the petrol and oil motor will be able to give the railway engineer his desired increase of power without additional axle weight. Already there is a 160-h.p. rail-car, fitted with the Thomas electro-mechanical variable speed-gears in use for suburban traffic on the Johannesburg railway



FOR ARMY SERVICE CORPS WORK AT THE FRONT: A RECENTLY DELIVERED BATCH OF SEVENTEEN FIAT FOUR-TON CHASSIS.

That the Fiat Motors are doing their part as providers of their own speciality in war munitions—using the now universally familiar word in its original and wider meaning, of *material* in general—is shown by the above photograph of seventeen Fiat four-ton chassis. These, with ten Fiat W.D.-type lorries, represent one week's deliveries to the War Office.—[Photograph by Wakefield.]

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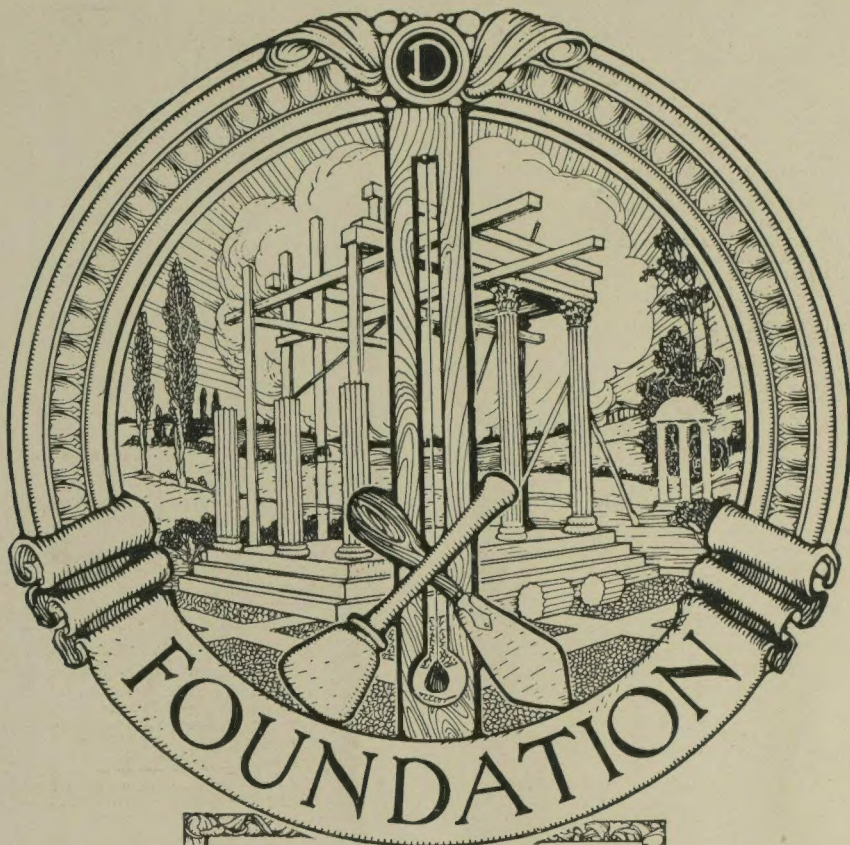
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## LITHOGRAPHY AND LITHOGRAPHERS.

THE art of the stone has come to earth again, and Mr. and Mrs. Pennell welcome the return with the publication of "Lithography and Lithographers" (Fisher Unwin). Even before the war there had been signs of a revival: posters of morris dancers, sheep, and the City churches papered the tiled thoroughfares of the "Tube"; and by now, in this new popularisation, the precious touch, and precious prices, of Whistler's "Songs on Stone" are almost forgotten. Lithography has always been at its best when it has been wanted. The greatest of Daumier was published at a few centimes; and, to cite a modern instance, the best of Mr. Ricketts appeared on the hoardings during the run of "The Dynasts"; Gavarni and Willette, of all artists, were and are popular—each a Béranger of black and white; for ten years or so Steinlen was in weekly demand as the artist-in-chief of "Gil Blas Illustré"; and Mr. Pennell himself is most successful when he comes nearest to the spirit of public works on a large scale, such as those of Panama or—Paestum! The Pennell book begins at the beginning, with Senefelder, and ends with the Bakerloo, and the whole thing is as well done as it

he confesses that the method and printer are unknown to him; and the reason for the marked lithographic quality of some of the "Gil Blas" illustrations, drawn on zinc, is not very clearly explained. But what Mr. Pennell doesn't know, as the saying goes, is not worth knowing; and the mystery of Manet's method can be fined down to an indistinguishable difference between a drawing on stone and one on paper.

Mr. Pennell, we have said, is most successful among public works, and from Panama he went to Greece to make his "Pictures in the Land of Temples" (Heinemann). He went for two reasons: because he wanted to see Greece, and because a Boston authority had told him he was "nothing but a rag-time sketcher who couldn't see Greek art and couldn't draw it if he did." He himself takes the same line about the archaeologists and tourists. His only happy moments, according to the letterpress, were at sunrise, before the tourists had opened their unseeing eyes, or in the tea-intervals, when they left him alone with the glories of Taormina. "Hiroshige and Claude and Turner never imagined or dreamt of anything so glorious," he says; and on the next page we read that "nothing, not even Taormina, is more magnificent" than the set scene of the

"Theatre" at Segesta. It is almost the language of—dare we say it?—the tourist. But Mr. Pennell, the writer, is nothing if not captious, and after blaming the traveller for travelling in one paragraph, he seems to scold him in the next for staying at home. At Egina, where he found a landscape untorn by motors, the guardian told him that only two persons had visited the place between January and April last; and one feels the fact is recorded with scorn. But without adjudging the merits of Mr. Pennell's dislike of tourists, we may say that it is very fortunate he did not dislike Greece. Few draughtsmen have rendered it with such full understanding. The rag-time sketcher has "made good" among the ruins, and Boston should withdraw.

No soldiers have ever been so well cared for as our brave fellows at the front, but while all sorts of simple luxuries have been lavished upon them, it is not everyone who has recognised what a necessary luxury, or luxurious necessity, is a box of soap to men living under the conditions of trench warfare. Wright's Coal Tar Soap, which has valuable antiseptic properties, is for that reason a special boon to our soldiers, and a box of three tablets can be obtained for a shilling from practically all chemists, or from the proprietors, Messrs. Wright, Layman, and Kenney, Ltd., Southwark, S.E. A stick of Wright's



A PROUD MOMENT FOR THE FATHER OF SERGEANT O'LEARY, V.C.: THE INTREPID IRISH GUARDSMAN SHOWING HIM THE "BIT O' BRONZE."

The return home on short leave of the popular Irish Guardsman hero, Sergeant Michael O'Leary, V.C., who "practically captured an enemy's position by himself," killing eight Germans single-handed and taking two others prisoners, at Cuinchy, on Feb. 7, did not pass unobserved. The King sent for him to Buckingham Palace and pinned the Cross on his breast, with the Queen and Princess warmly congratulating the Sergeant; Cork gave O'Leary an ovation as he drove through the city with the Lord Mayor. We see him here at his cottage home at Inchigeelagh, near Macroom, Co. Cork, with his father, to whom Sergeant O'Leary is showing his Cross.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Coal Tar Shaving Soap makes a valuable and welcome addition to the parcel.

Probably there is not a sportsman in the Empire to whom the name of "Burberrys" is not pleasantly familiar, and thousands will welcome the handsome volume, "Burberry's New Book for Men," which is nothing less than an illustrated encyclopaedia of sporting and military equipment. The excellence of Messrs. Burberrys' productions is proverbial, and their weatherproof garments are worn all the world over. Burberrys have reorganised their military departments, and have designed the present service-dress for the War Office, as well as providing in "The Burberry" a self-ventilating substitute for the rubber-proofed macintosh. "Burberry for Men" can be obtained, free, by sending a postcard to Burberrys, Haymarket, London, S.W., or to any of their agents.



SOLDIERS INSPECTING TWO NOTABLE TROPHIES AT THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICES INSTITUTION: A MINEWERFER AND A GERMAN MAXIM.

Two notable additions to the war trophies at the Royal United Services Whitehall, which already possesses a German 77 mm. field-gun captured during the enemy's retreat at the Marne, are shown here, being inspected by a party of soldiers. Both were captured in the Ypres district. The piece in the foreground is a German minewerfer, or trench bomb-thrower, firing large-sized spherical shells which are fixed on the muzzle by means of a short bar of iron, which is inserted into the bore, and the shell lobbed out by the discharge across to the opposing trench. In the background is a German machine-gun of the Maxim type with Krupp additions.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

possibly could be. On the technical side it is full of elucidations and explanations, the practising authority behind it being very rarely "stamped" by a print that has ever touched the stone. Of Manet's "Portrait de Femme,"

reason a special boon to our soldiers, and a box of three tablets can be obtained for a shilling from practically all chemists, or from the proprietors, Messrs. Wright, Layman, and Kenney, Ltd., Southwark, S.E. A stick of Wright's

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